FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

UNEXPECTED DISCOVERIES

ONE of the strangest aspects of the spiritual life is its way of functioning. It does not seem to be a process of step-by-step growth toward a goal, as I supposed, or of continuous development. For me it has been a series of leaps, all accomplished unconsciously within myself, of which every so often I suddenly become aware. "Well," I say to myself, "it looks as if this (or that) has been finally achieved. Isn't that amazing?" And then for another month or two or three or more I exist on the level of the plateau which has been vouchsafed me by the mysterious grace of God. And then again I discover that I have moved on to still another plateau. "Well, and now that has been accomplished also."

This never-ending growth, about which there is nothing spectacular except the results, being so secret and so minuscule that those on the other side of my skin doubtless can not see it, would not take place, I am convinced, without there existing inside me a willingness for it to happen. Willingness appears to be the essential attitude. Nor would it be noticeable to me if my life had not been rearranged in recent years so that in addition to the willingness there is time in it for thinking, meditating, and praying. Without this highly simplified lifestyle, for which I always had a useless-seeming hankering, I not only would not be aware of interior change but, I honestly believe, it would not happen. For life lived as is common these days, in rushes of plans, nerves, worries, and long lists of obligations to be honored before the day is done, is hardly conducive to the spiritual life; it contains neither the quantity of attention required for it nor the necessary continuity of feeling or thought.

To live your life according to the importance of its elements (the cost of groceries, rent, and electricty as well as the number of hours you really and truly need to exist as a person of spirit, which has its steep prices too) becomes a necessity. It is a mat-

ter of making yourself available—to your deepest self—to your creativity—to God—in the same way you save Saturday nights for friends and Sunday dinner for family. For who, after all, is closer to you than your Father in Heaven?

Another discovery about these affairs (the so-called spiritual life is not at all complicated, is indeed almost unbelievably simple, although writing about it is always difficult) has to do with the surprisingly critical parts other human beings act in them. This I didn't anticipate. Indeed, when setting out on these novel adventures, I conceived of my relationship with the Almighty to be a strictly one-to-one deal. I remember writing of the qualms I suffered as I contemplated addressing myself to such a VIP (and I also remember, with gratitude, the letters written to me in slightly humorous though wholly sympathetic appreciation of the feeling). I didn't then foresee that my friends and acquaintances all would turn out to be as much the reality of God as anything else in this universe. I didn't then understand that there is "that of God" in each and every one of them, no matter how human, or that that holy part of them was going to speak to me in plain English. I didn't surmise (how could I?) that there was no need whatever for me to approach the red carpet before His throne with trepidation or to walk its awful length all by my lonesome. I didn't then dream that I would be able to see and recognize the spirit making its constant, amazingly persistent efforts to exist and grow and lead me. But I didn't perceive then how willing I was and had been, I believe, for an unpleasantly long time. —P.G.

MY SEAWALL *Mary Margaret Comis*

I have built a seawall
Of so many things—
Memories of happy times;
Of faith and love to spare...
Against oncoming tides of loneliness,
Lest I grow old
And there are few to care.

LOOK FOR THE BULLDOG ON THE BAG

Bettie M. Sellers

WORDS on the cover of a small ring-bound notebook found in a dead farmer's shirt pocket—advertising Natural Chilean Nitrate of Soda—and the year was 1972. In the front, a grocery-list for bread and eggs, oatmeal and raisins, butter and crackers. In the back, addresses scratched through and changed—trail of four children moving away from the farm to the city and beyond.

The list of a church committee at Mt. Zion, and two more for the Farm Bureau. Meetings noted with names I barely remembered from childhood—places I had forgotten. I flipped through the yellowing pages, prepared to throw away this poignant reminder of a simple man. Then, in the center, one page of fading penciled writing in a too-familiar hand:

March 7,1921—"It isn't material fortune that I care for. I wish my life to be a success in the sight of God, rather than in the sight of man."

April 10,1921—"Again I bow my head and say: Thy will, oh God, not mine, be done. Remember than I am afraid of nothing but sin when I trust my Savior. Not even afraid of sin—when I completely trust. I believe that God in His infinite wisdom and love will keep and guide me, if only we trust all things to Him."

Faith
Surrender
Acknowledge need
Sincerity
Allegiance

That was all—one page—and for fifty-one years the little notebook had survived: in it the words of my father, aged 24 years.

PSALM 56 AND YOU

Samuel M. Silver

IT IS hard to believe that we are in a generation that never heard of Mary Pickford. She was once a film star. When she grew older, she became famous again for a booklet she wrote called *Why Not Try God?* In it the star, so successful in her career, addressed herself to people less successful. The theme of her book was: "Failure is not falling down; it is staying down."

The heroine of the cinema was saying that everyone has lapses. Everyone misses once in a while. But just because we have sustained reverses does not mean that we have failed. A setback can be followed by a comeback if only we exert ourselves.

The same sentiment can be found in the Bible. For example, read Psalm 56. It is attributed to King David and was supposed to have been written when he was expelled from the country by King Saul and he ran away only to be captured by the Philistines, who hated him because of his victory over their giant, Goliath.

Caught between the frying pan and the fire, David is in real trouble. Yet Psalm 56 reads like a victory statement rather than a document of surrender. "My enemies seek to destroy me," he cries, "but I am not dismayed." Why? Because he trusts in God. Using the energy and ingenuity which the Almighty gave him, David escapes and later becomes king.

From David to Mary Pickford, from the time of the Psalms to that of the astronauts, the extra courage available to those bent on benevolent aims has often manifested itself. Oliver Goldsmith said it, too, when he declared that our greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time we fall. . . .

What reverses have you sustained? Don't be discouraged—and don't become a prisoner of defeatism. Recoup your strength and start on a comeback. It will help to read Psalm 56, especially its finale: "Thou hast delivered my soul from dearth, yea my feet from falling that I may walk before God in the light of the living."

REMEMBER WHEN

Marion J. Richardson

A THOUSAND DREAMS AGO when I was young and without care, I visited a big farm for many summers, traveling by train, usually alone, to reach my destination.

Riding to the fabulous orchard on a white horse named Jip, we picked unbelievably large, delicious apples with various names like Indian River, Wealthys, and Black Beauty. Hazelnuts nearby were also gathered, and sometimes we rode on mounds of sweet-smelling hay from field to barn. We fed milk to little calves, gathered eggs, made icecream, taking turns with the handle—round and round till the yummy cream was ready—and when honey was brought from hives, we had a whole cake to eat if it was broken. Jim brought trout from the brooks and afterwards they were fried in real butter—a taste that still lingers—and we ate them hot or cold. Maple syrup from their groves was served with the hot biscuits and fresh-churned butter. Whipped cream piled high on layer cake was a treat. We also had plenty of fresh-picked strawberries or raspberries served with cream or used on shortcake.

An exciting day was when we drove to the country store in a buggy with the favorite horse of the Missus. In this small store, many interesting things were displayed, such as bird cages, mouse traps, sewing articles, dishes, groceries, seeds, candy, some clothing, and other items.

We rode bicycles and had a big tent where we put on shows for our own amusement. In the evenings we usually played caroms.

I slept in a quaint little bedroom with red roses all over the wallpaper—homemade coverlets on my bed and handwoven rugs on the floor—a stand with china bowl and pitcher containing water to wash with in the morning. The sound of crickets and breathing that sweet, perfumed country air put me to sleep—my dreams were happy ones. . . and now again, goodnight to that long ago—I remember.

I CANNOT close this narration without paying tribute to the mar-

velous, very generous couple that owned this farm, which was located in the western part of Wisconsin. They had three married daughters; and seven grandchildren who benefited from their great-heartedness; they also sent several children, some orphans, through high school and college—two of the girls were my age and at least one of them would be on the farm in the summer.

If anyone stopped to see if they could buy some of their lovely apples, they would say, "No, we don't sell them, but if you would like a few, we will give them to you," which they did. We always received a barrel of them every winter, plus many other delicious things, which they would ship to us by freight or express prepaid.

This wonderful couple moved to the city when they retired, but she still had one room with at least a dozen bird cages—large and small, containing mostly different kinds of canaries—many of them singers. She also had hundreds of plants in all the windows, on large tables and on the porches.

When she became ill, they prayed together nightly that they both could depart from this world at the same time, but God willed that he should live one year longer. When she lay in her coffin, he said to my mother, "You know, Jessie had freckles when I first met her."

I have never heard a more inspiring tribute paid to anyone than the one given by the minister at her funeral. The substance was that they lived such a good and *full* life together. God bless their souls.

THE WINDOW OF TIME *Lillian Hammer*

Through the window of time
You see the shadow
in light....
Does time stand still?
How could your describe the emptiness,
Or symbolize the strength
of the night
Trapped in the net of social turmoil?

THE LEANING SHULAMITE

Eugene W. Etheridge

Another world! Another self! I cried,
For I deserve, yea coax, an early grave,
In prison welter and in bedlam rave.
I daily die a death I should have died
But once. Reverse the fetid, sucking tide
Of my sour world! I sink, its willing slave.
By more than living Gospel you must save.
And thus will I, can you, be satisfied.

This angels gasped to hear. God thundered back:
"Denied! You Thomas doubt andDives plea;
You shame your Christ, demean his saving might.
My hand erred not. You're mine by what you lack.
Insult no more and raise new prayer to me:
A Gideon cry, oh leaning Shulamite."

TRANSITION

Leonard J. Guardino

He could not gain fame
as a rhymer,
but the gems in his heart
kept bleeding;
he soon died the death
of a poet,
and buried himself
in his reading.

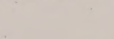
OUR CURIOUS INCONSISTENCIES

Louise Kidder Sparrow

IT IS impossible not to be struck now and then by some of the strange inconsistencies one notices in daily life.

One such inconsistency has been recently forced upon my attention. The widow of a chaplain, a good Christian woman, has repeatedly begged me to pray for her recovery from an accident and for the safety of her son in a distant state. She has bemoaned her present situation, enumerating her anxieties, expenses, losses, uncongenial roommates in her infirmary room, etc. *She asks my prayers!* As my two favorite prayers under all circumstances are "Thank you" and "Thy will be done," I do not feel they would be acceptable to her. These two simple prayers—simple but all-embracing—have not always been acceptable to me, I am frank to admit, or not completely so. I have many times begged God for what *I* wanted, for what *I* thought best. What presumption on my part! How could I possibly by myself know what would prove to be best? Yet all the time God was within me, closer than hands and feet—in the very heart and soul of me! This Presence of God is in every human being He has created, in every living thing. Man alone is capable of recognizing this Wonder of Wonders in all its fullness of Meaning—He need ask no other person's prayers —He is himself a constant prayer for good, for awareness of God *in him*—"An abiding sense of spiritual good!" Someone has said, "God knows our every need before we ask Him." Do we show faith when we repeat over and over and over: "Please, dear God, continue to love and protect my dear ones! May their appreciation of Your blessings equal my own!" Under all circumstances, praying only that Thy Will be ours, You help us to know Thy Will when we *feel* You within us.

"Let us rather say: "Thank you for Your love and protection all through this day. Thank You, dear God!"



MINUS HEROES, HISTORY WEEPS

Carla Patsuris

Not just by excelling others
But by surpassing Self
A man,
Catching a vision
Dreaming a dream,
Weathers water wind
Hurricanes and floods
And all of Times's seizures;
In such moments of heroism
A hero
Who gives to history
The wonder and challenge
Of a glorious heritage.

THE TRIVIAL THINGS

Alice Mackenzie Swain

Lord, help us bear the trivial things
That mar the beauty of our days,

The careless glance, the word that stings,
The unavoidable delays;

The disappointment in a friend,
Some unforeseen expense,

Squabbles of children tired of play,
Trifles for which we've no defense.

TAKE THEE TIME TO SEE

Marjorie Schecher

The grandeur that there be,
take thee time to see the beauty
and spirit of this earth that belongs
to thee.

A rose is given unto thee, yet know
ye not how many petals there be.

A leaf of universal perfection hath
fallen at thy feet, thou didst notice
not, though it gave thee shade from
the summer's heat.

God in His manifold forms doth
surround thee.
Hear ye not His breath in the wind
or feel the beat of His heart that
sustains the earth?

Sorrow upon sorrows, what a loss if
thou didst not see.

Take faith, dear friend, for there too
dwells He; the Spirit within thine body,
only take thee time to see.

Why are so many searching,
When God—
Is HERE? (Doris Gassen)

THE FAITH OF BAHÁ'ÍS

THE people who built this house of worship are Bahá'ís. They bear this name as members of a world faith. The word "Bahá'í" comes from the name of the founder of the faith—Bahá'u'lláh (the Glory of God). Bahá'í simply means "a follower of Bahá'u'lláh."

The faith of Bahá'u'lláh is called the "Bahá'í World Faith." There are three reasons for this.

First, Bahá'ís live in more than two hundred countries of the world. Bahá'ís are people who formerly had different and conflicting religious backgrounds. They had been Buddhists, Jews, Muslims, Zoroastrians, Hindus, Christians, or else people who had no religion at all. They have found in the Bahá'í faith a basis of unity that makes the competition of sects and denominations seem unimportant to them. Bahá'ís are people of different economic and social classes. Through a common devotion, rich and poor mingle as equals and work together to establish a world order for all men and women. They are people of different national and racial backgrounds. But the Bahá'í teachings have given them a higher loyalty—the loyalty to humanity. Bahá'ís have no "color line" or racial segregation. In this faith, people of all races find equality with each other because they are equal before God.

Second, the Bahá'í faith develops world-mindedness. Read these well-known Bahá'í quotations: "Let your vision be world-embracing rather than confined to your own selves. . ." and "That one indeed is a man who today dedicateth himself to the service of the entire human race."

Third, the Bahá'í faith offers a clear pattern of world order. It does not have any secret mystic doctrines; it does not have any priesthood or professional clergy. People find this a practical, spiritual religion with the mission of uniting the world in one common faith and one order. Bahá'u'lláh declared that in our time religion must unite people or else it has no social value. He declared that religion must show men how to build a just world. He emphasized that justice is the greatest good in the sight of God. To show men how to achieve this he outlined a pattern of world order.

Bahá'u'lláh's vision of a united world begins with each man and woman. Individuals must have high moral standards and a new basis of belief if they are to become citizens of one world.

Bahá'is believe in one God, even though men have called Him by different names. God has revealed His Word in each period of history through a chosen individual whom Bahá'is call "the manifestation of God." He restates in every age God's purpose and will. His teachings are a revelation from God. Abraham, Moses, Buddha, Zoroaster, Christ, and Muhammad were manifestations of God. Each gave men divine teachings to live by. Bahá'is believe that true religion is the real basis of civilized life.

Since there is one God, these manifestations of God have each taught the same religious faith. They have developed and adapted it to meet the needs of the people in each period of history. This unfoldment of religion from age to age is called "progressive revelation." Bahá'u'lláh, the founder of the Bahá'i faith, is the manifestation of God for our time.

This is the basis of Bahá'i belief: one God has given men one faith through progressive revelations of His Will in each age of history, and Bahá'u'lláh reveals the Will of God for men and women of the present age. This basic belief enables Bahá'is to unite and work together in spite of different religious backgrounds.

The oneness of mankind is like a pivot around which all the teachings of Bahá'u'lláh revolve. This means that men and women of all races are equal in the sight of God and equal in the Bahá'i community. People of different races must have equal education and economic opportunity, equal access to decent living conditions—and equal responsibilities. In the Bahá'i view, there is no superior race or superior nation.

Bahá'u'lláh declared that a House of Justice must be established in each community. This body, elected by the people, is to be composed of men and women so qualified that they may be "trustees of the merciful among men." Each nation will gave a secondary or national House of Justice whose members will elect the International House of Justice. This international legislature will make the laws for a federalized world.

Bahá'u'lláh emphasized certain principles to help bind people together in a united world:

Men must seek for truth in spite of custom, prejudice, and tradition.

Men and women must have equal opportunities, rights, and privileges.

The nations must choose an international language to be used along with the mother tongue.

All children must receive a basic education.

Men must make a systematic effort to wipe out all those prejudices which divide people.

Men must recognize that religion should go hand-in-hand with science.

Men must work to abolish extreme wealth and extreme poverty.

THIS FAITH and these challenging ideas originated in Persia (Iran) in 1844. In that year a young man who called himself The Bab (or Gate) began to teach that God would doon "make manifest" a world teacher to unite men and women and usher in an age of peace. The Bab attracted so many followers that the Persian government and Islamic clergy united to kill him. And they massacred more than twenty thousand of his followers.

In 1863 Bahá'u'lláh announced to the few remaining followers of the Bab that he was the chosen manifestation of God for this age. He called upon people to unite; he said that only in one common faith and one order could the world find an enduring peace. He declared that terrible wars would sweep the face of the earth and destroy the institutions and ideas that keep men from their rightful unity.

The teachings of Bahá'u'lláh are a ringing call to action. They offer hope, courage, and vision. The books of Bahá'u'lláh in English are: *The Hidden Words, The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Book of Certitude, Epistle to the Son of the Wolf, Prayers and Meditations,* and *Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh.* A selection of his writings is in the anthology called *Bahá'i World Faith.*

But Bahá'u'lláh was not greeted with enthusiasm by the religious leaders of Islam. As they saw his faith spread, their

hatred grew. They forced him into exile—first to Baghdad, then to Constantinople, to Adrianople, and finally to Akka in what was then called Palestine. There he died, still an exile and prisoner, in 1892.

Bahá'u'lláh appointed Abdul-Baha, his eldest son, as the interpreter of his teachings and the exemplar of the faith. Under the leadership of Abdul-Baha the faith was introduced to Europe and America. Abdul-Baha made several missionary journeys. In 1912 he was in America for eight months.

In 1921 Abdul-Baha died and left a will naming Bahá'u'lláh's eldest grandson, Shoghi Effendi, the first guardian of the faith and the interpreter of the teachings. Under Shoghi Effendi's direction the Bahá'is throughout the world have adopted an administrative order that is an application of Bahá'u'lláh's teachings for a world order. Thus Bahá'is have begun to practice in their own affairs the social teachings of Bahá'u'lláh.

Local and national Bahá'i spiritual assemblies are the pattern for the Houses of Justice for tomorrow. Bahá'is know from increasing experience that differences of nation, race, class, and religion can be removed by the uniting power of Bahá'u'lláh. Bahá'is know from increasing experience that this faith can save men and women from the hatreds, the pessimism, the corruption, and the materialism of our age. They know this because they have seen it and experienced it. They invite you to investigate this faith and share in this spiritual adventure.

ABOVE THE SUNSET *Elma Scheel Bearss*

The sun slipped down behind the Gulf,
  In beauty gorgeous to behold.
Late gulls rose skyward and I saw
  Their silver wings sun-rimmed with gold.

When thoughts get lost beyond recall,
  And my tired heart no longer sings;
Lord, help me climb to greater heights,
  Where I may find my gold-edged wings.

PINK WINGS

Elizabeth Twyeffort

I saw, as night absorbed the sky,
A cloud-formed angel wing spread high.
First, glowing rose in myriad shades
Was nature's soundless accolade.
To man who would sky's secrets know
When weary of himself below.
Then slanting rays flashed back the light
As blues and greys were fused with night.
And though the slowly floating cloud
With beauty all the sky endowed,
I saw again on the wave-strafed beach
In a space within my searching reach—
Apart from sand, or sea, or sky—
An elfin shell the world defy:
Pink wings no larger than my nail;
Perfection in a coat of mail.
Pink wings of sky, pink wings of sea,
I saw in them eternity.

SUPERNAL

Mary L. Wantner

Fellowship in prayer is cherished way of life,
His heartwarming Presence, quelling fear and strife.
In time of peril, strength supplied with ease to cope,
Dispersing clouds of doubt with glow of faith and hope.

Fellowship in prayer is road to peace
To tread with God, the Source, His blessing without cease;
A balm to soothe each woe; gained solace to suffice;
Entrusted gift, celestial grant, transcending price.

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

F. Bernadette Turner

Dozing peacably on a Sunday afternoon,
I had an eerie fee ling.
I glanced about the room. Did my blinking eyes deceive me?
Thoughts were swarming everywhere, enveloping my head
Like flies around a camper's lamp.
And then the motion ceased. Quietness prevailed.
My thoughts became realities transcending time and place.
People I had known, places I had been, and things
long since forgotten—
Came forth to be remembered on a Sunday afternoon.
Marching down the avenue of my bewildered mind
were yesterdays in orderly procession:
My biography on parade.
It was more than memory. It was a resurrection.
The hurts, the cherished moments, the triumphs and defeats
fit together in a purposeful design.
I sensed the 'why' of many things that once had puzzled me.
Sorrows were my blessings, retrospecti vely.
My life was not an entity unto itself alone,
My life was interwoven with the lives of all mankind
in a common destiny.
In my deeper understanding, I visualized Eternity
for what it really is—
Not some far-off place beyond the grave,
Eternity is where we are in consciousness
on a Sunday afternoon.

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL

Narcissa G. Chamberlain

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on July 9, 1863. His father, Edwin Burnell, was of English descent and as a youth had shipped aboard a whaling vessel from a New England port to the South Seas; his mother, Molly Malloy, was born in Ireland. When George was still quite young, the family moved to Minneapolis, where they purchased a farm. Here he was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1887.

The Burnells were a sincerely religious family, and it was more or less assumed that George would go into the ministry. After college, he attended the Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Illinois, as did his close friend and future brother-in-law, Milton Lamoreaux. Here his special studies in Hebrew and Sanskrit, which had been instigated by the brilliant educator, William R. Harper, were a great influence in his development, as was his relation to Harper as a teacher. This led to George Burnell's deep and lasting interest in Eastern philosophies and their relationship to the Christian teaching.

Harper, with the financial assistance of John D. Rockefeller, succeeded in realizing his dream of founding the first true university in the United States, the University of Chicago, and became its first president. The Divinity School was the first department to be opened at the new location in the city, having been moved from Morgan Park.

While he was still at the Seminary, George Burnell and the young Mary Lamoreaux, who became his wife in 1891, attended classes in Chicago given by a Dr. Adams, who evidently had a gift for healing. This was followed by several years of study with Emma Curtis Hopkins, who had at one time been a secretary to Mary Baker Eddy. George Burnell also taught some classes at Mrs. Hopkins' school while attending the Seminary. From among the Hopkins students there emerged quite a group who later became active in the turn-of-the-century religious movements sometimes generally classified as the New Thought, or what George Burnell

referred to as the "renaissance." This spread out into splinter groups of varying sizes and importance, and anyone whose memory goes back to the early years of this century has heard the names of such groups as Unity, Divine Science, the Home of Truth, and of course the largest organization of them all, the Christian Science Church.

Though both Mr. and Mrs. Burnell sometimes lectured under the auspices of one or another of these groups, they never became permanently identified with any organization. A long life of study and teaching led to ever-expanding perceptions which of necessity remained free-flowing and could not be restricted within the bounds of a formal organization or label. For this reason their teaching took on the simple name of "Instruction." While George Burnell was the founder and leader, his wife played a very important part, and each of them complemented the other in his or her very individual way.

There had been summer classes at Lake Geneva and Lake Ida, Minnesota, during the 1890's. In 1904, the Burnells moved to California, where the teaching went on, attracting students from all over the United States and a number of foreign lands. Totally unpublicized, the Instruction continued for over sixty years—until the death of George and Mary Burnell, in 1948 and 1949 respectively, and then of their daughter Genevieve (1894-1961). The last forty-six years of the Burnell Instruction were given at their home in Arcadia, California, which they acquired in 1915.

The library of George Burnell, worn with use, included works in Hebrew, Sanskrit, German, and Latin, the Buddhist and Hindu sacred writings, the Greek and Sufi philosophies, the works of the early Christian saints and church fathers and those of many more recent writers such as Pascal, Descartes, Swedenborg, Bergson, Jacques Maritain, as well as the physicists Eddington, Sir James Jeans, and Einstein. . . the list is too long to record here!

Possibly the two unique contributions of George Edwin Burnell as a teacher of religious philosophy were his exposition of the relationship, indeed the identification, of the finest of the Eastern teachings with the doctrines of Christianity, followed by his clarification of the little-understood principle of the Nothing

as exemplified in human history by Mary, the virgin mother of God. This all-important principle of Nothingness as the inevitable corollary of the Allness of truth (God) was first explained by him and further expounded at his request by his daughter after his death. The axiom which explains the principle of Nothingness is number XVIII, entitled The Axiom of Congruity, but does not appear in George Burnell's book, *Axioms*, because it was composed after the book was published. It is elucidated in a series of lectures by Genevieve Burnell entitled *The Axiom of Congruity*.

None of George Edwin Burnell's lectures took the form of written manuscripts, but were spoken extemporaneously and taken down by a secretary whose stenographic reports were later transscribed and only slightly edited before being published as mimeographed booklets for his students.

The breadth of George Burnell's vision, developed from his studies of many religious philosophies, expanded his teaching into a truly universal doctrine. The astonishing flow of language which issued forth during the long life of this inspired teacher could best be appreciated by those who heard him in person; though the fire of his words even on the printed page will not be lost to the reader with an open and perceptive mind. His style was always directly sincere, mystical, and full of power. He said:

"To me the truth is infinite in its hope, irresistible in its pledge and promise, wonderful in its revelation, actual in its presence and existence, and benedictive in its transmittion—irresistibly capable with the sword of its Spirit, its Word of Truth."

". . . The illumined state to you that you have forgotten, through a certain device of mind called ignorance, you have forgotten your greatness, you have lost track of it as a person loses track of himself in a dream. That can be restored to you if you will only acquire a certain insight, a certain perception whereby you can perceive the nothingness of this dream. No matter how concrete it may be in natural law, no matter how sanctioned in ethics, no matter how glorified it is in religious ideals, never-

theless your commandment is, by perception to renounce it for the vision of Truth."

In common with most great teachers, George Edwin Burnell used illustration or parable throughout. This is particularly evident in *The Chronicle of Reality,* where such symbols as the Author and his characters, the dreamer and the dream, and other similitudes represent the principles of God and His creation. He said:

"Let us try to illustrate. Supposing Crusoe should say, I have heard that I am not Crusoe, but that I am Daniel Defoe. And then he should realize that Defoe had the power to do what he pleased in the book *Robinson Crusoe.* And he would say, Since I am Defoe, I will act as if I were. I can wholly change Defoe's policy and writing of the book, change the whole stream of meditation and pictures; take the book away, in fact, from Defoe, and even give it to some other being who is the equal of Defoe.... And he could justify himself in saying that if he is Defoe, he would be as free as Defoe. But there is a sense in which he, being Crusoe, is different from Defoe, inasmuch as Crusoe is looking to the redemption of his story. So that the opposing powers in this universe wish to destroy the story of the universe. Their whole policy is to destroy. They look upon the approach to nothingness as a means to destruction, and they use death as the action of nothingness.

"From this enlightenment, therefore, you can see that their knowledge of nothingness is not a redeeming knowledge, but a destroying knowledge. Therefore, this instruction has taken eminent issue with that sense of negation which consists in the idea that evil and matter are objects of attack, objects of war and destruction.

"The perception of nothingness which is the characteristic of true reasoning, delivers a knowledge of authorized creation, as different from an assumed, willful, stubborn, resistant selection of free, volitional substance transmitted independently of the one Supreme Being, saying, I am as much God as God is, and whatever

He did in the beginning, I will do now. And in order to do this, I must clear away everything that is in my way.

"Therefore his object is to break down every will that gets in front of him, to break down all obstacles, to overcome the whole world with force and with resistance. But the policy of the Lord was non-resistance; letting every power do as it pleased, letting every being do as it pleased, and receiving the understanding of Spiritual action and creation so as to be able to discern the true from the false creation, the true from the false image, the true from the false freedom.

"This does not mean that there are two kinds of substance or two kinds of freedom or two kinds of wills; it means that, there being only one, there is none to be set up; but that one to be accepted and believed in, since there is none other that needs to be established or can be established. . . .

"Therefore the instruction is trying to be exact and clear upon the subject of the nature of the true, authorized existence. The incarnation of the Supreme Being was performed in the true creation, which appeared to those who were called, and were fitted to see this Supreme Being, and know Him, appearing in this world. Many saw Him; many ate with Him; many witnessed His miracles; but very few comprehended that He was the Son of God, comprehended that He was the Saviour of the world, realized that He was the promised Messiah. And even today the difficulty is exactly the same...of believing in the actual Presence, in this veritable world, of the Voice and the Incarnation that can be handled, touched, tasted, seen, known to be the Very God of Very Lord."

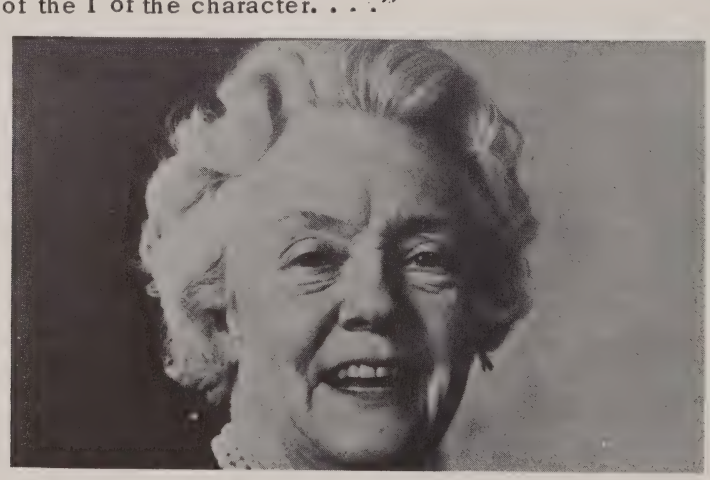
"Now, when the Supreme Being is looked upon as a Supreme Being absolutely abstracted from everything else, He is just God. But when you speak of him as being the Creator of a world and the Lord of it, then He becomes a Lord as well as a God. And when this same Being begins to act as a Spirit of energy moving this world, He is called the Spirit. And Jesus said, God is Spirit.

"It is not that this Spirit is some emissary of God. He *is* God. This manifestation of God is God, and called the Son of

God. This Son of God is not some added faculty or being of the Supreme; He *is* the Supreme Being. Just like an author of a book: when he meditated and produces the story of the book, his meditation is himself. And the characters in the book are all himself, too. They are not in any way separated from him, except in the sense that they appear to be manifested as different economies of existence.

"And all the secret mysteries of the Holy and Supreme Being, manifested in the world for the preservation of its existence, constitute the harmonies of all things; through it all, the one Being takes all forms. And especially for us who exist in the three-dimensional existence, there must be manifest to us the economy and mystery of our threefold being, which is our Being; for we exist in a threefold state, called a three-dimensional existence."

"The uncontradictable testimony, accrediting to the candidate's vocation, consists in the bent to find the Author in the activity of the I of the character. . . ."



Narcissa G. Chamberlain is a Trustee of the Fellowship. A longtime enthusiast for the remarkable Burnells and their Instruction, she has published "The Golden Thread of Reality," which is devoted to the work of the Burnells' daughter Genevieve, her personal friend. She has now prepared a volume of the work of George Edwin Burnell, for which the above article serves as an introduction.

CONVERSATION ON A CORNER BOUQUET

Eleanor B. Mathews

Yes, they do have some beauty right there,
As they stand. "A bright corner," you said—
But I stole back the gift God gave me,
When I plucked those red berries from tree,
Given to me in trust, temporarily.
Surely it can't be wrong to bring in
From fall's bounty a bit of ripe red—
Some berries that on the tree began to thin
As snowbirds, or yes, starlings flew and fed.
But I only wish I could repair
With Scotch tape, magic glue, that same tree
That God gave me that I, too, might share.

*

VIGIL

Edna Margaret Long

Hovering
over our old house,
birches
in white uniforms
listen to deep wheezing
in the brownstone chimney;
the groaning
of oak rafters;
and the incoherent chatter
of loose shingles
on the roof.

REALITY AND PRAYER

Henry J. Gernhardt, Sr.

TWO QUOTES have quickened and sustained my personal interest in prayer:

"The great souls that have pierced the mystery and perfected the mastery of life have been much alone with God"—Bishop Wallace E. Brown; and

"The greatest undeveloped resource of our land is *faith*; the greatest unused power is *prayer*"—Roger Babson.

Among the many books and treatises on prayer which I have read and studied throughout the past sixty years, *Reality and Prayer* by John Magee is the best guide to the meaning and practice of prayer.

John Magee lives in the modern world. His entire life has been lived in the atmosphere of today. His is the wisdom of a disciplined and well-stored mind. He is a man who walks with God always and everywhere.

Leslie D. Weatherhead, of City Temple, London, wrote: "No reader should delude himself by supposing this is merely another of the thousands of books on prayer. This book is different."

After twenty years of study and practice he shares with all who will read and study, experiment and practice, life's supreme privilege and responsibility.

"Men ought always to *pray*, and not to faint."

The body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, so must we watch and labor for all that we ask. —Jeremy Taylor

WHAT IS FAITH?

Mildred Long

THOUGH with my lips I say I have faith, yet in my heart I am worried and fretful, my words are of no avail.

Though I have all of God's promises stored in memory, yet fail to know their reality by experience, my faith is in vain.

Though I believe in God's full salvation, yet do not accept it for my body, mind, and soul, my faith is ineffective.

Faith is the opening of a door toward God. Faith is the acceptance of what God sends, knowing that it is sent in love and for the fulfillment of His plan for my life.

Faith is expecting a better day tomorrow, knowing that the next turn in the road will lead to a brighter scene and more assured victory.

Faith is stepping out into the night with my hand in God's hand. It is smiling through my tears and resting in His love when all is dark. It is sitting confidently in the boat on a stormy sea and allowing the pilot of my soul to steer the course. It is seeing the shore line through the mist and the rainbow in the clouds.

Faith does not come into full bloom over night. It is breathed into us by the Holy Spirit, nurtured by the hearing of the Word of God, watered by prayer, and made strong by the sunshine of God's everlasting and unchanging love.

Faith grows through days of sorrow and nights of suffering, through struggles that seem useless, and aspirations unrewarded; through constant looking toward the goal in Christ Jesus, and repeated yielding of the will to His will and plan.

When God has made a man of faith, He calls him a branch in the Vine and He produces in his life the fruits of the Spirit and says to him: "If you abide in Me and My words abide in you, you shall what you will and it shall be done unto you."

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart. —Bunyan

JOSHUA 10:13

Michael Northen

Never before or since was there a day
like this, when the Lord obeyed
the voice of a man.

One man,
To make haste on a desert day
Slipped through the fist of time,
As though Breughel's Icarus,
To span the labyrinth,
Had leapt fully fleshed into three dimensions

From his incessant fall
Without tearing the paint from his body
Without leaving a whole in the canvas
And then rejoined the picture
In some more convenient place.

A PARADOX *Albert Jacobsen*

The cactuses all bristle
With needles, hooks, and spines,
Yet they bear gorgeous flowers
With beautiful designs.
But unarmed grains and grasses
With blooms absurdly small,
Feed most of the world's people
And creatures, I recall.

TODAY'S PILGRIMAGE: THE WAY OF ALL THE EARTH

Robert Vachon

The places of pilgrimage

Each man, each family, each country, culture, religion has an original (that is, going back to its origins) place of pilgrimage, where one goes in order to renew or discover oneself.

For Hindu India: the Himalayas, the caves, the rivers, Mother Earth. For China: the Mountains and Heaven and Confucius, the Wise Old Man. For the Jews: the Promised Land, Jerusalem. For the Zoroastrians: Fire. For the Greeks: the temple of Apollo, the Pre-Socratics, the four elements. For the Amerindians: the sun, the forest, the bear, the silence. For the Africans: the ancestors, the dead, the tree, the grove. For the Egyptians: the pyramids. For the Muslims: Mecca, the marabouts' graves, the Sufi shrines.

For the Japanese: the garden, the Shinto Shrine, the Zen monastery. For Buddhists: Sarnath, Bodh Gaya, Buddha, Nowhere, Sunyata. For Mexicans: the Aztec pyramid. For Peruvians: the Andes, Lake Titicaca. For Christians: Christ, Palestine, Rome, the icon, Lourdes, Fatima, Guadeloupe, St. Joseph Oratory. For socialists: Cuba, the Republic of China, Tanzania. For technocrats: the city high-rise, science, the highway complex, NASA, the newest computer, the latest jet, the latest feat of engineering. One can go on extending the list. Finally, places of pilgrimage are also: one's own country, one's own family and friends, and finally one's own heart and soul.

The forms of pilgrimage

It can be a "long march," a "struggle," a walking or traveling journey, marked by austerity, penance, difficulty; it can take the form of a search, of immigration to a Promised Land; it can be a

"montee," a "depaysement," a return to a tomb, to a building, to a sacred symbol, an icon, to a river, a tree, a cave, a mountain, a holy man or woman, a living community, a monastery, a community of friendship and love. It can be a return to the elders, to the ancestors, to Mother Earth, to the sea and sky, a journey to the moon, to the depths of the ocean or the microscopic world of the atom or to the inner space of one's self. It can be a pilgrimage to a dream city, to utopia, to an egalitarian society of workers and peasants, to world community, to nowhere.

The pilgrimage can take place at different levels of one's being: at the level of ideas: "Si nous pouvions etre persuade que nous sommes des pelerins, meme dans le royaume des idees, alors nous pourrions commencer a marcher de concert en depit de nos differences de conception." It can take place at the level of feelings, as for example in the world of music and art. It also can take place at the deeper levels of wisdom of life where one journeys to new or original wisdoms of life and expands one's consciousness and creativity in daily life.

Today's pilgrimage: cross-cultural, global

Today's pilgrimage is global! It is cross-cultural, cross-religious, to an extent, height, depth and breadth unknown before.

Not too long ago, a few prophets were starting to pave the way: French Monchanin in India, Canadian Bethune in China, Indian Vivekananda in America, French Massignon in Islam, American Thorau at Walden Pond, etc.

Today we find western Christians and Jews meditating in the caves of the Himalayas, chanting *Om Krishna* in Hindu ashrams, dancing Sufi dances and chanting *Allah Hu* in Sufi circles of Turkey, Persia, India. We find them in Japanese monasteries, in Tibetan communities, in Jewish groups, listening to the tales of the Hassids and studying Kabbalah. Young people from the West, journeying to the Aztec, Maya, Toltec shrines of South America, or to Ixtlan, sitting around the fire with their North American Indian brothers, learning how to live from Mother Earth, the rivers, the forests, the animals. American Negroes trying to

return to their roots in Black Africa, or like Malcolm X, finding their inspiration in Mecca. European Marxists learning socialism not only from Cuba and China but from naturally socialistic Black Africa.

From the East, Buddhist monks are coming to study Christianity in Christian monasteries. Hindus are studying the Bible. In China today, the pilgrimage is the Long March—more than an historical journey across geographical land, but a struggle out of one culture form into another, out of a traditional hierarchical world of qualitative differences into a modern socialist equalitarian communal mode of being in which social differentiation is minimized; a journey from the old into the new.

We see young orientals discovering the scientific shrines of the West, migrating to the Promised Land, joining the dynamic and messianic thrust towards the New City, entering into dialogue with the Word of Work and Planning, dreams of the Sacred Future in the Newness of Spirit, finally joining hands with the saints and prophets of social reform and revolution.

The Way of all the earth

It is becoming increasingly difficult to identify persons, families, nations as uni-cultural and/or uni-religious. Most of us are duo-cultural or plural-cultural and many times puri-religious. The pluralistic context is becoming the very texture of our lives. Consequently our sources of inspiration can no longer be limited to one culture or to one religion, otherwise we feel cut off from dimensions of our own being.

It is the very universality and depth of our respective faiths and cultures that impel us to a pilgrimage beyond our shores. The more profoundly we delve into our own faith and culture, the more we become aware of its limits in manifesting and expressing the Universal Mystery of Life that transcends, penetrates, and permeates all. And we discover that neither Islam, nor Christ, nor Buddha, nor Moksha, nor Sunyata, can encompass Reality. It breaks open our religious hypnoses and lays bare our most sophisticated supreme experiences.

"The religious traditions of man," says Berry, "are passing over a threshhold that is of momentous significance; for the human community is undergoing a transformation such as it has never undergone since the rise of the higher civilizations some five thousand years ago. The religious traditions must not only become acclimated to this new scientific and technological environment, they must also undergo a breathtaking expansion of their own horizons as they become universalized, mutually present to each other, and begin creation of the multiform global religious tradition of man, a tradition that is already further advanced in realities of man's history than in the books that men write."

Witness to this expansion this text from Raimundo Panikkar: "After fifteen years of absence from the European literary scene, the plainest and yet the most searching question to ask me is naturally: how did I fare! Through what vicissitudes has my pilgrimage led me? I should like to give a straightforward answer to this question. I 'left' as a Christian; I 'found' myself a Hindu; and I 'return' as a Buddhist without having ceased to be a Christian."

But this cross-fertilization of the human pilgrimage is possible and necessary in all fields. Why can we not be Muslim-Christian, Jewish-Christian, Muslim-Jewish? and celebrate each other's feasts as our own, as feasts of one human family? Who are we to appropriate a dimension of divinity and call it "private property"? God certainly does not set up barriers within Himself. Is there such an incompatibility between contemplation and social revolution? Between Mao and Confucius? Between scientific progress and traditional modes of contemplation and action? No ideology, no culture, no religion, today, has the right to set alone the standard of living, working, struggling, dying. This is part of the human pilgrimage, that as we sit or take a decisive step in our journey, we become aware of the radical relativity (not relativism) of our highest endeavors, and that our vision becomes more global.

The Universal Mystery of Life is revealing to us and uncovering the height, breadth, length, and depth of our pilgrim nature. Man is constitutively a pilgrim, at the very roots of his being. His trek is into the Infinite Mystery that is Life. It is the

very Pulse of the Universe that breaks the shells of our ideologies, cultures, faiths, and liberates us into a wider womb so that we may be born again and again and thus share in the Unique Life of the Universe.

LET PEACE COME

Mildred Long

Let peace come.
Wherever I am God Is.
Whatever I do I use God-given powers.
Wherever I go God has gone before.
And God brings peace to me.

When I am tired He is my rest and my comfort.
When I am in pain He is my balm.
When I cannot see, He is a lamp before my feet
and a light to my eyes.
When I am lonely, His voice says, "Lo, I am with
you alway."
When I need help, I hear Him say, "I will hold thy
right hand
Saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

So on and on:
"In ways I know and know not
I have the help of the Lord.
From loving family and friends
And from His precious Word.
Through all my hours and days
I have the help of the Lord."

IN HARMONY WITH GOD

Reuben L. Musey

RELIGION is life. It is the life of God in the heart of man, the life of man in harmony with God. It is life in tune and harmony with the infinite. The religion of Jesus Christ is the religion of joy.

The various words of joy and blessedness are found over a thousand times in the Bible. The joy of the religion of Christ is the joy of victory.

It is the daily triumph of faith over fear. . . of virtue over vice. . . of knowledge and insight over ignorance and suoerstition. . . the victory of the soul over the bondage of bodily things . . . the triumph of patience and goodness.

It is the fellowship of love over the blighting influenceof selfishness; and it is the fullness of life which comes from "the love of God that passeth all understanding."

PRAYER AND PRAISE

Esther Jett

DOES your heart ache and cry for—what? It can be so quietly placed, the burden on your heart, the one the Lord wants you to pray for fervently.

THE prayers of the saints are a "sweet song unto the Lord." He desires the incense of your prayer and praise. The offering of your sacrifice can accomplish much in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As Fellowship in Prayer prepares to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary—in June of 1975—we are reprinting some of the writings of its founder. . . .

MERCY

Carl Allison Evans

MERCY is the grace which adorns religion. It is the fruit of religious experience. He who has it and uses it, comes nearest to being godlike. He who has it not, bars the way to the highest spirituality.

Every religious faith fundamentally is imbued with the quality of mercy. Even the American Indian, when unprovoked by the invader, was merciful to a great extent. Mohammed certainly showed mercy toward his persecutors to a remarkable degree. The teachings of Jesus are replete with mercy and compassion. Down to His dying breath, His life exemplified mercy.

There once was a missionary to China who returned to the United States for health reasons, but carried on in a missionary enterprise until his death. Throughout his career, the main motive of his life seemed to be mercy. "Be compassionate." "Have some compassion." "Let us show some compassion." These were frequent expressions of his. And so, at his funeral services, the theme was compassion. To many people, he was the epitome of mercy and compassion.

The trouble nowadays is that too few people are merciful. From high political circles down to the most obscure citizens, instances are on file where mercy seems unknown. Frequently those lacking this grace are vindictive, and develop characteristics unreconcilable with any religion. And yet these same people continue to hold public office or religious positions of influence. Psychologists tell us that often the "feel" of power by those in authority completely smothers the quality of mercy.

The supreme consummation of mercy is in God Himself.

Mohammed cites God as "Most Merciful." Abdu'l-Baha, after listing many of the trials of mankind, addresses his prayer to "the Merciful One;" and concludes with, "Thou art the Merciful of the Most Merciful." Over and over, again and again, prophets and seers of the Old Testament proclaim the mercy of God. And St. Paul called God the "Father of Mercy." From this, let us take an instance of what man can do.

In the same year that Queen Isabella pledged her jewels for Columbus to seek the western world, she signed the decree expelling from Spain all who would not renounce the Mohammedan religion.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once said, "I am willing to love all mankind except an American."

For his great discoveries in science, Roger Bacon was sentenced to imprison ment for ten years.

On the other hand, early in the last century, when Elizabeth Fry was working among the convicts in English prisons, a lady companion, noting that she was greeted as a familiar friend by the wretched inmates of the women's cells in Newgate, asked of what crimes these women had been convicted. "I do not know," replied Mrs. Fry, "I have never asked them. We all have come short."

Said Shakespeare, "I will chide no heathen in the world, but myself, against whom I know the most faults."

It was Shakespeare who penned the most often quoted verse on mercy:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

Let our prayers, like the ancient sacrifices, ascend morning and evening. Let our days begin and end with God. —Channing

NOTICES & COMMENT

POSTAGE PROBLEMS. It now costs sixteen cents to mail you each copy of this publication. (When we started, it cost three cents.) You can help us by notifying us early of your change of address.

PRAYERS ARE ASKED for the speedy recovery of Mildred Seydell, our Southern Advisor of many years.

LIBRARY ACQUISITIONS include *Talks To Truth Searchers* by Gail B. Fargo, which was sent by its publisher, Philosophical Library, 15 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; and *Apparitions and Precotnition* by C. G. Jung, *Possession, Demoniacal & Other Among Primitive Races in Antiquity, The Middle Ages, & Modern Times* by T. K. Oesterreich, and *From India To The Planet Mars* by Th. Flournoy, all the gifts of Carla Patsuris.

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS? If your address has changed in recent months, we would like to be notified promptly, so that there may be no delay in receiving each issue of the bimonthly. Please send your old address as well as the new one —and don't forget to add the Zip Code number. Thank you.

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AT EVENTIDE *Martha Horton*

Vesper chimes
Descant in benediction
Offering the solace
Of absolution...
And the devout
Kneel to pray.

ADVICE FROM ZOLA *Kelly Janes*

Work without worry would be only play.
Arise from bed and eat your toad for today.
Distress is what you pay for a new idea.
To obtain Rachel you must first wed Leah.